

Daily Democrat

A MAIDEN IN CHURCH.

She stands beside a pillar fair,
A maiden, girlish, slight,
But stronger than the pillar there,
Her innocence is might;
And simple straight her thoughts go up, in prayer,
White arched, like the arches of the sky,
And far above the pillar's shaft, their resting place
Is made.

She kneels beneath the arching lines
That of the church sweep,
And on her brow the holy signs
Of peaceful conscience dwell;
And brighter than the arches' light her steadfast
eyes do look,
The while they meekly seem to fall upon her open
book.

A smile came into her face,
The face that knows no stain,
And light to glow from out her place,
Within the window pane,
The olden saints, in quiet rapture, seem sliding,
gliding down,
To hover o'er her winsome face, and wear for her
a crown.

St. Matthew gleams about her lips,
For all his love is said;
And see, upon her finger-tips,
St. James' palms are laid;
The loved Apostle calmly looks o'er one so purely
fair,
And hark St. Peter, with his keys, is tangled in
her hair.

Mine eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
For all she is so fair,
Yet do I struggle with the gaze,
For glory has no glare;
And then I murmur to myself, all wondering:
"How can she,
This being, in her radiance, my own betrothed
be?"

And the organ's minstrelsy
And all the choir join in,
But she, altho' her silence
Is holier than a hymn;
But "Gloria" is written on every look doth
show,
And "Gloria" is written upon the brightness of her
brow.

Then, for his text, the pastor takes
A verse I know full well,
And every word he utters makes
A new-born glory-swell
Come showering down on the vane to light
Up every word he utters makes
A new-born glory-swell
Come showering down on the vane to light
Up every word he utters makes

Yes, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall
see the Father." I see it shining out,
A gorgeous blazoned text,
With crimson, purple, strewn about,
The golden rays of truth and love,
And then upon my clasped hands I lay my face
And pray,
And "Blessed are the pure in heart," I softly, soft-
ly say.

(Dublin University Magazine.)

(From the New York Observer.)

The Maid Servant in America.

"The servant question" is one of so much
moment that I feel constrained, after an ex-
perience of twenty-seven years as a house-
keeper, to compare notes with your fair
correspondents who have written to you
on this subject. The post-Burns discovery
in his short life, that he was not a man
of others did not always see them-
selves as others saw them:

"O God, how power the little girls
To see our sins as there we lie,
It is for many a blunderer's sake,
What airs in dress and in deportment,
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The Legend of the Magi—A Curious Religious Pilgrimage.

Every tourist will remember that be-
hind the high altar of the Cathedral at
Cologne are shown three skulls, said to be
those of the three kings who came to wor-
ship our Saviour in the manger. A corre-
spondent of the London Star, writing from
Cologne, August the 9th, gives some curious
information about these relics:

Many years ago a great amount of pub-
lic excitement was produced by the exhi-
bition, in the city of Treves, of the rem-
nants of a holy garment, said to have
been preserved since the commencement of
the Christian era. The scenes which that
city presented at the time in question are
just now being reproduced in the holy city
of Cologne—"the German Rome," as some
people call it. For the past fortnight
countless of pilgrims have been journey-
ing incessantly to that spot by rail, by
road, and by river. The humble villagers,
who could not avail themselves of the ex-
cursion train with which the more favored
denizens of cities contrived to abbreviate
the hardships of the journey, wended their
way in the sluggish wagons of the country,
and from every quarter of the compass,
long caravans of these vehicles have
poured into the city. Those who dwell
on the banks of the Rhine have been car-
ried to the same destination in steamboats
all covered with gay flags and banners.
The narrow streets of Cologne are fuller
of life than usual, owing to the numbers of
strangers in the city, and most of the
houses are ornamented externally by gar-
lands, flags and flowers. The cause of all
this bustle is that it is now, happily, the
fiftieth anniversary of the death of the
three kings who brought to Cologne—1269
from Milan. The pilgrims have assembled
to celebrate the seven-hundredth anni-
versary of that event. The skulls, or rather
a number of bones understood once to have
formed them, are inclosed in three small
boxes, or chests, not so large as a child's
head. One of these boxes, and its contents
are of a black or dark tint, and this, it is
believed, among the faithful, is the skull of
the Ethiopian king, an idea apparently
resting on the conception that because a
negro has a black skin he must have black
bones.

A SCIENTIFIC VERDICT.

The smallness of the bones in which the
osseous relics rest was the ground on
which some people questioned the genu-
ineness of the skulls were really those of full-grown
men. This doubt has unfortunately been,
at least to some extent, confirmed. The
priests who are charged with the preserva-
tion of the relics, and who in a rash mo-
ment consulted Dr. Schaffhausen, a pro-
fessor of medicine at the University of
Bonn, on this question, when, to their hor-
ror, that gentleman, whose orthodoxy there
appears no ground for questioning, de-
clared that the bones were those of an in-
fant. When it was put to him whether
the age of the infant might not have been
as much as fifteen, he declared it impos-
sible, and pointing to the jawbones he showed
that they still contained milk-teeth.

Hence the legend grew up that these
are the bones which belonged to the three
kings when they were children. The
shock which the feelings of the afore-
mentioned learned professor experienced
at the discovery he made could not have
been greater than that which the celebra-
ted physiologist, Dr. Johannes Muller, un-
derwent under circumstances of a some-
what similar nature. Professor Muller,
when whom so German of modern times
possessed a higher reputation in the
branch of science to which he was devoted,
was nevertheless a devout Catholic.

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